

Black Widows Official Hymnal
of the 421st TAC. FTR. SQDN.

Complete Song Book, not included in a binder.

Title: Black Widows Official Hymnal of the 421st TAC. FTR. SQDN.

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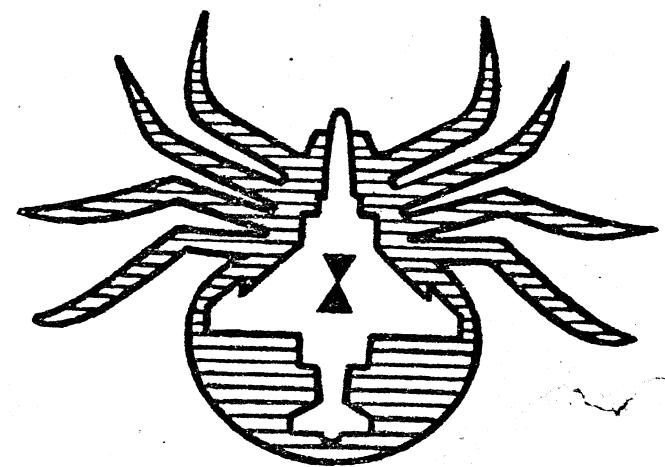
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Getz designated as (8) in upper right corner.

(Vietnam Era)

BLACK WIDOWS



**OFFICIAL HYMNAL
of the
421ST TAC. FTR. SQDN.**

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ADELINE SCHMIT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmit,
 Who went to the doctor, cause she couldn't shit,
 He gave her some medicine wrapped up in glass,
 She opened the window and shoved out her ass.

CHORUS: It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
 It was brown, brown, shit all around,
 It was brown, brown, shit falling down,
 Her life it was ruined by shit shit shit.

A handsome young Bobbie was walking his beat,
 He happened to be on that side of the street,
 He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy,
 And a piece of brown shit hit him right in the eye.

That handsome young Bobbie, he cussed and he swore,
 He called that young maiden a dirty old whore,
 And on London bridge you can now see him sit,
 With a sign round his neck saying "Blinded by shit."

AIR FORCE 801

(TUNE: WABASH CANNONBALL)

LISTEN TO THE RUMBLE, OH HEAR OLD MERLIN ROAR
 I'M LYING OVER MOHI, LIKE I NEVER FLEW BEFORE
 HEAR THE MIGHTY RUSH OF THE SLIPSTREAM
 AND HEAR OLD MERLIN ROAR
 I'LL WAIT A BIT AND SAY A PRAYER, AND HOPE IT GETS
 ME HOME.

ITASUKE TOWER, THIS IS AIR FORCE 801
 I'M TURNING ON THE DOWNWIND LEG
 MY PROP HAS OVERRUN
 MY COLLANT'S OVERHEATED, THE GAUGE SAYS ONE
 TWO ONE

YOU'D BETTER CALL THE CRASH CREW AND GET THEM
ON THE RUN.

AIR FORCE 801, THIS IS ITAZUKE TOWER
I CANNOT CALL THE CRASH CREW, 'CAUSE THIS IS COFFEE
HOUR!
YOU'RE NOT CLEARED IN THE PATTERN, NOW THAT IS PLAIN
TO SEE.
SO TAKE IT ON AROUND AGAIN, WE HAVE SOME VIP!

ITAZUKE TOWER, THIS IS AIR FORCE 801
I'M TURNING ON THE DOWNWIND LEG, I SEE YOUR BISCUIT
GUN.
MY ENGINE'S URNNING ROUGH, AND THE COLLANT'S GONNA
BLOW
I'M GONNA BUY A MUSTANG, SO LOOK OUT DOWN BELOW!

ITAZUKE TOWER, THIS IS AIR FORCE 801
I'M TURNING ON THE FINAL, AND RUNNIN' ON ONE LUNG
I'M GONNA LAND THIS MUSTANG, NO MATTER WHAT YOU SAY
I GOTTA GET MY CHARTS FIXED UP BEFORE THAT
JUDGMENT DAY

AIR FORCE 801, THIS IS JUDGMENT DAY.
YOU'RE IN PILOT'S HEAVEN, AND YOU ARE HERE TO
STAY!
YOU JUST BOUGHT A MUSTANG, AND BOUGHT IT WELL
THE FAMOUS AIR FORCE 801 WAS SENT STRAIGHT THROUGH
TO HELL.

AIR FORCE HYMN

Here's a toast to the host of the men who boast the
vastness of the sky.
To a friend we'll send a message of his brother men
who fly.
We'll drink to those who gave their all of old.

Then down we'll roar to score the rainbows pot of
gold.
Here's a teast to the host of the men who boast the
US Air Force.
Off we go into the wild blue younder climbing high
into the sun.
Here they come zooming to meet our thounder
at'em boys give her the gun, give her the gun.
Oown we dive spouting our flame from under off with
one hell of a roar.
We live in fame or go down in flame
Hey nothing can stop the US Air Force.

AIR FORCE LAMENT

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE DAYS OF MEN WHO RULED
THE FIGHTING SKY.
WITH HEARTS THAT LAUCUED AT DEATH AND LIVED FOR
NOTHIN BUT TO FLY
BUT NOW THOSE HEARTS ARE GROUNDED AND THOSE DAYS
ARE LONG GONE BY
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL!

(CHORUS) GLORY, GLORY REGULATIONS
HAVE THEM READ AT EVERY STATION
CRUCIFY THE MAN WHO BREAKS ONE
OH THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL!

MY BONES HAVE FELT THEIR POUNDING THROB A HUNDRED
THOUSAND STRONG,
A MIGHTY AIRBORNE LEGION SENT TO RIGHT THE DEADLY
WRONG
BUT NOW IT'S ONLY MEMORY, IT ONLY LIVES IN SONG,
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL!

I HAVE SEEN THEM IN THEIR T-BOLTS WHEN THEIR EYES
WERE DANCING FLAME,
I'VE SEEN THEIR SCREAMING POWER DIVES TAT BLASTED
GOERINGS NAME,

BUT NOW THEY FLY LIKE SISSIES AND THEY HANG THEIR
HEADS IN SHAME
THEIR SPIRIT'S SHOT TO HELL!

ONCE THEY FLEW B-26'S THRU A LIVING HELL OF FLAK,
AND BLOODY DYING PILOTS GAVE THEIR LIVES TO BRING
THEM BACK,
BUT NOW THEY ALL PLAY PING PONG IN THE OPERATIONS
SHACK-
THEIR TECHNIQUES GONE TO HELL!

THE LORDLY FLYING FORTRESS AND THE LIBERATOR TOO,
ONCE WROTE THE DOOM OF GERMANY, WITH CONTRAILS IN
THE BLUE,
BUT NOW THE SKIES ARE EMPTY, AND OUR PLANES ARE WET
WITH DEW
AND WE CAN'T FLY FOR HELL!

YOU HAVE HEARD YOUR POUNDING 50'S BLAZE FROM WINGS
OF POLISHED STEEL
THE PURRING OF YOUR MERLIN WAS A SONG YOUR HEART
COULD FEEL.
BUT NOW THE L-5 CHARMS YOU WITH ITS MOANIN'-GROUANIN'
SQUEAL,
AND IT WON'T CLIMB FOR HELL!

HAP ARMOLD BUILT A FIGHTING TEAM THAT SANG A
FIGHTING SONG,
ABOUT THE WILD BLUE YONDER IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE
STRONG,
BUT NOW WE'RE CLOSELY SUPERVISED FOR FEAR WE MAY DO
WRONG,
THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL!

WE WERE COCKY BOLD AND HAPPY WHEN WE PLAYED THE
ANGEL'S GAME,
WE SPLIT THE BLUE WITH BUZZING AND WE ROLLED OUR WAY
TO FAME,
BUT NOW THAT'S ALL VERBOTEN AND WE'LL ALL SO
GODDAMN TAME,
OUR SPIRIT'S SHOT TO HELL!

ONE DAY I BUZZED AN AIRFIELD WITH ANOTHER RECKLESS
CHAP,
WE FLEW A HOT FORMATION WITH HIS WINGTIP IN MY LAP,
NOW THERE'S A NEW DIRECTIVE THAT WE'LL CUT OUT ALL
SUCH CRAP
OR WE WILL BURN IN HELL!

HAVE YOU EVER CLIMBED A LIGHTNING UP TO WHERE THE
AIR IS THIN?
HAVE YOU STUCK HER LONG NOSE DOWNWARD JUST TO HEAR
THE SCREAMING DIN?
HAVE YOU TRIED TO DO IT LATELY? BETTER NOT, YOU'LL
AUGER IN:
AND THEN YOU'LL SURE CATCH HELL!

MINE EYES GET DIM WITH TEARS WHEN I RECALL THE DAYS
OF OLD,
WHEN PILOTS TOOK THEIR CHOICE OF BEING OLD OR YOUNG
AND BOLD,
ALAS I HAVE NO CHOICE AND WILL LIVE TO BE QUITE OLD-
THE AIR FORCE'S GONE TO HELL!

BUT SMILE AWHILE MY PILOTS THO YOUR EYES MY STILL
BE WET.
SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET IN HEAVEN WHERE THE RULES HAVE
NOT BEEN SET
AND GOD WILL SHOW US HOW TO BUZZ, AND ROLL AND
REALLY LET
THE AIR FORCE FLY LIKE HELL.

CHORUS NO. 2

GLORY NO MORE REGULATION! RIP THEM DOWN AT EVERY
STATION;
GROUND THE GUY THAT TRIES TO MAKE ONE AND LET US
FLY LIKE HELL!

A YANKEE AIR PIRATE

I AM A YANKEE AIR PIRATE
 WITH DT'S AND BLOOD SHOT EYE BALLS.
 MY NERVES ARE ALL RUN DOWN, FROM BOMBING DOWNTOWN,
 FROM SAM BREAKS AND BAD BANDIT CALLS.

CHORUS:

A YANKEE AIR PIRATE, A YANKEE AIR PIRATE,
 A YANKEE AIR PIRATE AM I.
 A YANKEE AIR PIRATE, A YANKEE AIR PIRATE,
 IF I DON'T GET MY HUNDRED I'LL DIE.

I'VE CARRIED IRON BOMBS ON THE OUTBOARDS
 FLOWN HIGH CAP FOR F-ONE OH THUDS
 I'VE SNIPELED A COUNTER OR TWO ONCE OR TWICE,
 AND SWEATED MY OWN RED RICH BLOOD.

I'VE BEEN DOWNTOWN TO BOTH BRIDGES,
 TO THAT NYUGEN, KEP AND PHUC YEN.
 AND IF YOU ASK ME THEN I'M SURE YOU CAN SEE,
 THERE IS NO PLACE UP THERE I AIN'T BEEN.

I'VE FLOWN THE MIG CAP ON LINEBACKER,
 I'VE FLOWN AN ESCORT OR TWO.
 BUT THE THING THAT I HATE IS FLYING AS BAIT,
 FOR A BOMBER B-FIFTY TWO.

I HAVE FLOWN NAPAIM TO TCHEPONE
 IT'S ALMOST TO MUCH TO ASK.
 BUT IF YOU DARE TELL ME GO TO QUANG TRI,
 YOU CAN SHOVE IT RIGHT UPPA YOUR ASS.

THE PHANTOMS A VERY GOOD AIRPLANE,
 IT'S BIG, IT'S MEAN AND IT'S TOUGH.
 BUT IF YOU GO TO LAND AFTER BOMBING LORAN,
 YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE IN A BUFF.

BANANA VALLEY

JUST GO ON DOWN TO BANANA VALLEY
 GO ON DOWN AND MEET YOUR FATE
 JUST GO ON DOWN TO BANANA VALLEY
 WHEN YOU GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, YOU BETTER LEARN TO HATE

WELL I GOT FRIENDS IN BANANA VALLEY
 I GOT FRIENDS THAT LEARNED TOO LATE
 I GOT FRIENDS IN BANANA VALLEY
 THEY WENT DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, CAUSE THEY DID NOT HATE

THERE'S SNAKES IN THE WEEDS IN BANANA VALLEY
 THEM SNAKES IN THE WEEDS KNOW HOW TO HATE
 THEM SNAKES IN THE WEEDS IN BANANA VALLEY
 THEY GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, AND THERE THEY WAIT

WELL I HEARD ALL BOUT BANANA VALLEY
 HOW FIGHT'N THEM SNAKES COULD BE SO GREAT
 IT'S SO MUCH FUN IN BANANA VALLEY
 GOTTA GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, AND INVESTIGATE

WELL TWO WEEKS AGO IN BANANA VALLEY
 TWO OF MY FRIENDS KILLED ONE OF THEM SNAKES
 TWO WEEKS AGO IN BANANA VALLEY
 THEY WENT DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, TO ATTEND THE WAKE

SO GO ON DOWN TO BANANA VALLEY
 GO ON DOWN AND MEET YOUR FATE
 JUST GO ON DOWN TO BANANA VALLEY
 BUT WHEN YOU GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, YOU BETTER LEARN TO
 HATE

COLD WINTER'S EVENING

Twas a cold winters evening, the guests were all leaving,
 O'Leary was closing the bar
 When he turned and he said to the lady in red
 Get out you can't stay where you are.

She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer
 As she thought of the cold night ahead
 When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
 And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her the things a young girl
 should know,
 About the ways of Air Force men and how they come
 and go
 Now age has taken her beauty and sin has left its
 sad scar,
 So remember your Mothers and Sisters boys and let
 her sleep under the bar

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

COME IN AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE. IT'S A GRAND PLACE
 SO THEY SAY,
 YOU NEVER HAVE TO WORK AT ALL, JUST FLY AROUND ALL
 DAY.
 WHILE OTHERS WORK AND STUDY HARD, AND SOON GROW OLD
 AND BLIND,
 WE'LL TAKE THE AIR WITHOUT A CARE, AND YOU'LL NEVER
 MIND.

CHORUS: OH, NEVER MIND, NO, NEVER MIND,
 OH, COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE
 AND YOU'LL NEVER MIND.

COME ON AND GET PROMOTED AS BIG AS YOU DESIRE,
 YOU'RE HIDIN ON A GRAVY TRAIN WHEN YOU'RE AN AIR
 FORCE FLIER,
 PUT JUST WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE A GENERAL YOU'LL
 FIND
 THE ENGINE COUGHS, THE WINGS FALL OFF, AND YOU'LL
 NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:
 YOU'RE FLYING OVER THE OCEAN, YOU HEAR YOUR ENGINE
 SPIT,
 YOU SEE YOUR PROP COME TO A STOP, THE GODDAMN
 ENGINES QUIT,

THE SHIP WON'T FLOAT, YOU CANNOT SWIM, THE SHORE IS
 MILES BEHIND,
 OH, WHAT A DISH FOR THE CRABS AND FISH, BUT YOU'LL
 NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:
 OH, WHEN YOU LOOP AND SPIN HER, AND WITH AN AWFUL
 TEAR,
 YOU'LL SEE YOUR STUBBY WINGS FALL OFF, BUT YOU WILL
 NEVER CARE,
 FOR IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES MAC, ANOTHER PAIR YOU'LL
 FIND.
 YOU'LL FLY WITH PETE AND THE ANGELS SWEET, AND YOU'LL
 NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:
 OH THEN YOU MEET A FOKKER, HE SHOOTS YOU DOWN IN
 FLAMES,
 DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME BELLY ACHIN' AND CALLEI' THE
 BEGGAR NAMES,
 JUST PUSH YOUR STICK INTO THE GROUND, AND PRETTY
 SOON YOU'LL FIND,
 THERE' AIN'T NO HELL AND ALL IS WELL, AND YOU'LL
 NEVER MIND.

CHORUS:
 OH, WERE JUST A BUNCH OF AIR FORCE TYPES, AND WE DON'T
 GIVE A DAMN
 ABOUT THE GROUNDLINGS POINT OF VIEW AND ALL THAT SORT
 OF HAM
 WE WANT A HUNDRED THOUSAND SHIPS OF EACH AND EVERY
 KIND
 AND NOW WE'VE GOT OUR OWN AIR FORCE, SO WE'LL NEVER
 MIND.

DOWNTOWN

WHEN YOU GET UP AT TWO OCLOCK IN THE MORNING
 YOU CAN BET YOU'LL GO - DOWNTOWN
 SHAKING IN YOUR BOOTS, YOU'RE SWEATING HEAVY ALL OVER
 CAUSE YOU GOT TO GO - DOWNTOWN

SMOKE A PACK OF CIGARETTES BEFORE THE BRIEFING'S
OVER

WISHING YOU WERE BOMBING, WISHING YOU WERE FLYING
COVER

IT'S SAFER THAT WAY
THE FLACK IS MUCH THICKER THERE. YOU KNOW YOU'RE
BITING YOUR NAILS
AN YOU'RE PULLING YOUR HAIR. YOU'RE GOING -

DOWNTOWN - WHERE ALL THE LIGHTS ARE BRIGHT
DOWNTOWN - YOU'D RATHER SWITCH THAN FIGHT
DOWNTOWN - HOPE YOU COME HOME TONIGHT
DOWNTOWN - DOWNTOWN

PLANNING THE ROUTE YOU KEEP ON HOPING THAT YOU
WON'T HAVE TO GO TODAY-DOWNTOWN
CHECKING THE WEATHER AND IT'S SCATTERED TO BROKEN
SO YOU STILL DON'T KNOW - DOWNTOWN

WAITING FOR THE GUYS IN TOC TO SAY THAT YOU ARE
CANCELLED
HOPING THAT THE WORDS THEY GIVE WILL BE WHAT SUITS
YOUR FANCY
DON'T MAKE ME GO

I'D MUCH RATHER RTB. AND SO YOU SIT AND YOU WAIT
THINKING OH FUCK SHIT HATE. I'M GOING

DOWNTOWN - BUT I DONT WANT TO GO
DOWNTOWN - THAT'S WHY I'M FEELING LOW
DOWNTOWN - GOING TO SEE UNCLE HO
DOWNTOWN - DOWNTOWN

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

In peace time the regulars are happy
In peace times they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, call out

Call out the God Damn reserves
Call out, call out
Oh, call out the God Damn Reserves.

Heres to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn Reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan

CHORUS:

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The Reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan

CHORUS:

They called up a dozen more squadrons
Staffed by a regular class
But when it came time for promotion
The reservists got jabbed in the ass

CHORUS:

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God Damn Reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor

Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on, Fight on
Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on.....

I LOVE MY WIFE.

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her tits tiolly - its tiolly - its
And her nut brown asshole
I'd eat her shit - gobble gobble
chomp chomp
With a rusty spoon

I WANTED WINGS

I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GD THINGS
 NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE.
 THEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO FLY,
 AND THEY SENT ME HERE TO DIE,
 I'VE HAD A BEELLYFULL OF WAR.
 YOU CAN SAVE THOSE ZEROS FOR THE GODDAMNED
 HEROES,
 CAUSE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSSES
 DO NOT COMPENSATE FOR LOSSES, BUSTER,

CHORUS: I WANTED WINGS TILL I GOT THE GD
 THINGS,
 NOW I DON'T WANT THEM ANYMORE.

I'LL TAKE THE DAMES WHILE THE REST GOT DOWN
 IN FLAMES,
 AIR COMBAT SPELLED ROMANCE, BUT IT MADE ME
 WET MY PANTS,
 I'M NOT A FIGHTER I HAVE LEARNED.
 YOU CAN SAVE THOSE MITSUBISHIS
 FOR THOSE OTHER SONE OF BITCHES
 CAUSE I'D RATHER SCREW SOME WOMAN THAN BE SHOT
 DOWN IN A GRUMMAN
 BUSTER....

I DON'T WANT TO TOUR OVER BERLIN OR THE RUHR
 FLAK ALWAYS MAKES ME BARF MY LUNCH
 I GET NO HEY-HEY WHEN THEY HOLLER BOMBS AWAY,
 I'D RATHER BE HOME WITH THE BUNCH.
 NOW THERE'S ONETHING YOU CAN'T LAUGH OFF THAT
 IS
 WHEN THEY SHOOT YOUR ASS OFF
 OH I'D RATHER COME HOME BUSTER, WITH MY ASS
 THAN WITH A CLUSTER,
 BUSTER,...

I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE IN A DAMNED OLD PBY
 THT'S FOR THE EAGER NOT FOR ME.
 I DON'T TRUST MY LUCK TO BE PICKED UP IN A
 DUCK

AFTER I'VE CRASHED INTO THE SEA.
 OH I'D RATHER BE A BELLHOP THAN A FLYER ON A
 FLATTOP
 WITH MY HAND AROUND A BOTTLE, NOT AROUD A G.D.
 THROOTTLE,
 BUSTER...

I DON'T FLY FOR FUN A P DASH FIVE CRASH ONE
 BLAZING A PATH FOR PATTON'S TANKS.
 MY WIFE DON'T WANT INSURANCE AND I'M NOT OUT
 FOR ENDURANCE,
 I'D RATHER GO TO PARIS AND SPEND FRANCS.
 IN ENGLAND IT WAS BLITZES AND IN FRANCE IT'S
 MESSERSCHMITTGES,
 OH, I FEEL LIKE SUCH A SUCKER WHEN MY ASS
 BEGINS TO PUCKER,
 SUCKER....

THEY FEED US LOUSY CHOW BUT WE STAY ALIVE
 SOMEHOW.
 ON DEHYDRATED EGGS AND MILK AND STEW.
 WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT, THEY'LL BE
 DEHYDRATING SEX,
 ON THAT DAY I'LL TELL THE COACH I'M THROUGH,
 OH, I REALLY LOVE MY BUMPIN' AND I'D LIKE TO
 DO SOME PUMPIN'
 BUT I'D RATHER COME WITH CHOWDER THAN WITH
 HUNKS OF POWDER,
 BUSTER....

THE DAY WE BOMBED METZ I RAN OUT OF CIGARETTES,
 I ALWAYS SMOKE TO CALM MY GUT.
 OH, THEY MAKE THEM BY THETON, BUT I' HAVEN'T
 GOT A ONE,
 I SIMPLY CANNOT FLY WITHOUT A BUTT,
 THE HOME FRONT MAY BE PITCHIN, BUT WE STILL
 DO OUR BITCHIN'
 TILL WE FIND SOME REAL SMART COOKIE WHO CAN
 MASS PRODUCE
 SOME NOOKIE, LOOKIE...

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

Oh, I don't want to be a soldier
 I don't want to go to war
 Just want to hang around Picadilly on the ground
 Livin off the earnings of me high born lady
 Monday I touched her on the ankle
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee
 Wednesday with success I lifted up her dress
 Thursday her chemistry I did see
 Now Friday I put my hand upon it
 Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, tweak, tweak.
 It was Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up her
 And now she earns me seven and six a week, Gor blimey
 I don't want to be a soldier
 I don't want to go to war.
 I just want to hang around Picadilly on the ground.
 Livin off the earnings of a high born lady
 I don't want no bullet up me arse hole
 I don't want me buttocks shot away
 I just want to stay in England, In jolly jolly England
 And faunicated me bloomin life away.

LULU

O some girls work in restaurants,
 Some girls work in stores;
 But Lulu has them all beat,
 She works in the house of whores.

CHORUS: O banging away on Lulu, banging away all day
 Who we going to bang on when Lulu goes away,

O some girls were a kotex,
 Some girls wear a rag;
 But Lulu has them all beat,
 She wears a burlap bag.....CHORUS

O Lulu had a little boy,
 She named him Diamond Dick;
 She would have named him Mary,
 But he had a little prick.....CHORUS

O rich girls ride in Cadillacs,
 Poor girls ride in Fords,
 But Lulu rides the bedsprings,
 To earn her room and board.....CHORUS

LUPIE

OH LUPIE, OH LUPIE, THE GIRL I ADORE
 MY SWEET FUCKING, COCK-SUCKING MEXICAN WHORE
 SHE'LL FUCK YOU, SHE'LL SUCK YOU TILL YOU
 ALMOST DIE

I'D RATHER EAT LUPIE THAN BLUEBERRY PIE

TWAS DOWN IN CUNT VALLEY WHERE BLOOD RIVER FLOWS
 WHERE COCKSUKERS FLOURISH AND WHOREMONGERS GO
 T'WAS THERE I MET LUPIE THE GIRL I ADORE
 SHE'S MY SWEET FUCKING, COCKSUCKING MEXICAN WHORE

SHE GOT HER FIRST PIECE AT THE YOUNG AGE OF EIGHT
 WHILE SWINGING ONE DAY ON THE OLD GARDEN GATE
 THE CROSSBAR WENT OUT AND THE UPRIGHT WENT IN
 AND EVER SINCE THEN SHE'S BEEN LIVING IN SIN

SHE'LL FUCK YOU, SHE'LL SUCK YOU, SHE'LL KNAW AT
 YOUR NUTS

SHE'LL WRAP HER LEGS ROUND YOU AND SQUEEZ OUT
 YOUR GUTS
 SHE'LL WRAP HER LEGS ROUND YOU TILL YOU ALMOST DIE
 I'D RATHER EAT LUPIE THAN BLUEBERRY PIE

LUPIE, OH LUPIE LIES DEAD IN HER TOMB
 WORMS CRAWL OUT OF HER DECOMPOSED WOMB
 BUT THE SMILE ON HER FACE IS A MUTE CRY FOR MORE
 SHE'S MY SWEET FUCKING COCKSUCKING MEXICAN WHORE.

LYMERICKS

There once was a young man from Kildare
 Who boogered a maid on the starrs
 The 33rd Strogke, the banister broke
 And he plished her off in mid-air.

There once was a young man from Florida
 Who liked his friends wife so he borrowed her
 He said in surprise as he spread wide her thighs
 It isn't a crotch, it's a corridor.

There was a woman from Peru
 Who had noghing on earth to do
 With both legs in the air, she counted each hair
 One thousand, nine hundred and two.

There was a young lady from Exidor
 Who was so beautiful men craned their necks at her
 One went so far as to wave from his car
 The distinguishing marks of his sex at her.

There was a young lady ffrom Nottingham
 Who made some tarts and put snot in them
 She addèd some turds and a couple of dead birds
 And scratched off a dog until he shot in'em.

There was a young man from St. Ives
 Who had balls of 2 different sizes
 One was so small, it was hardly a ball at all
 While the other so large that it won prizes.

There once was a man from Calcutta
 Who was pounding off in the gutter
 But the tropical sun played a trick on his gun
 And turned all his milk into butter

There once was a young girl named Alice
 Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus
 They found her vagina in North Carolina
 And her ass hole way out in Dallas.

There once was a young man named Gore
 Who wanted a piece from a whore
 Said she "Young man, go get it by hand
 My cunt, you see, is too sore."

There once was a man from Dundee
 Who boogered an Ape in a tree
 The results were most horrid, all ass & no forehead
 Blue balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a couple named Kelly
 Who were found stuck belly to belly
 It seems in their haste they used library paste
 Instead of petroleum jelly.

LYMERICKS CONT.

There once was a man from Clarige
 Who had a peculiar marriage
 He fucked his mother, and sucked his brother
 And ate his sister's miscarriage.

There once was a man from Macrametter
 Who had one of prodigious diameter
 It wasn't the size, that opened their eyes
 I'was his rythem iambic pentameter

There once was a young man from Kent
 Whose cock was so long it was bent
 So to save him the trouble, he put it in double
 And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a man from Nantucket
 Whose dick was so long he could suck it
 He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
 If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it.

There once was a lady from Madrass

Who had a most beautiful ass
T'was not round and pink, like most people think
But was grey, had long ears, and ate grass

There once was a young man named Bass
Whose balls were made of spun glass
When they tinkled together, they played stormy
weather
And lightning shot out of his ass

There was a young maid from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street lapped up the green meat
That hung in Festoons from her drawers.

There once was a lady from Cape Cod,
Who thought all good things came from God
But it wasn't the Almighty who lifted her nightie,
It was Roger the Dodger by God.

There once was a young man from Boston
Who bought himself and Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost'em

There once was a hermit named Dave,
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said "I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit, but
Just think of the money I save".

There once was a man from Podunk,
Who went to sleep in a trunk.
He dreamed a lady from Venus was tickling his pinus
And woke up with a hand full of gunk.

There once was a lady from Stroll,
Who had an idea exceedingly droll
To a masquerade ball, she went in nothing at all
And backed in as a parker-house roll.

There once was a young man named Green
Who invented a fucking machine
Concave or convex, it could screw either sex
But oh what a mess to clean.

MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain,
Don't give me a P-38

CHORUS: Just make me operations, Way out on some
lonely atoll
For I am too young to die, I just want to
grow old!

Don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind,
They'll tumble and spin, and auger you in, Don't
give me a P-39

Don't give me a Peter Four Oh, a hell of an
airplane I know,
A ground looping bastard I'm sure to get plastered,
Don't give me a Peter 4 Oh

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting
the Hun,
But with coulant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying's no fun,
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me a F-84, She's just a ground loving
whore,
She'll whine moan and wheeze, and she'll clobber
the trees,
Don't give me an F-84

Just give me an old saber jet, they haven't caught
up with her yet,
She'll loop, roll and spin, but she'll ne'er auger in
Just give me an old Saber Jet.

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns was queen of all the acrobats.
 She could do tricks that would give a cat the shits.
 She could shoot green peas from her fundamental
 orifice.
 Do a double summersalt and catch em on her tits.
 She's a great big son of a bitch, twice the size
 of me,
 With hair on her ass like the branches of a tree.
 She can swim, fish, hunt, fuck,
 Fly a plane drive a truck.
 Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

NELLY DARLING (10)

Oh, your ass is like a stovepipe, Nelly darling,
 And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
 There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel,
 You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a million crabs abounding' round your pussy,
 When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass.
 There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
 So why not make one dear and shove it up your ass.

NO FIGHTER PILOT IN HELL

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
 Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
 The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers,
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
 When a bomber jockey walks into our club

He doesn't drink his share of suds
 All he does is flub his dub
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
 Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
 The automatic pilots on, reading novels in the John
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
 Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
 His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged,
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
 Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
 The place is full of brass
 Sitting round on their fat ass
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states
 They're all on foreign shores
 Making mothers out of whores
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
 Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
 They're all across the bay
 Getting shot at every day
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty, but its nice
 If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
 It will wreck your reputation, but increase the
 population
 But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,

And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits,

CHORUS: Oh roll the leg over, oh roll the leg over,
Oh roll the leg over the man in the moon.

I wish little girls were like waves in the ocean,
And I were the wind and I'd show them some motion.
I wish little girls were like flowers in the
springtime,

And I were a bee and I'd pluck them all daytime,

I wish little girls were like sheep in the clover,
And I were a ram and I' ram them all over,

I wish little girls were like cows in the pasture,
And I were a bull and I' make them run faster,

I wish all them girls were like the girls down
in Sydney,

And I were alive and still had one kidney,

I wish all the girls were deer in the wood
And I were a buck, I would if I could,

I wish all the girls were little hen robins
And I were a cock robin, I'd keep 'em a bobbin!

I wish all the girls were ducks on the ocean
And I were a drake, I'd keep 'em in motion.

I wish all the girls were fish in the river
And I were a King Fish. I'd keep 'em aquiver,

I wish all the girls were cute little vixens
And I were a fox, I'd certainly fix 'em

I wish all the girls were cute little virgins
And I were a wold, I'd certainly urge 'em.

I wish all the girls were cats on a cushion,
And I were Tom Cat, I'd certainly push them.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six windows
Cheeks of her ass went bam - bam - bam

SAMMY SMALL (1)

Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, my name is Sammy Small
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, my name is Sammy Small
And I've only got one ball
But it's better than none at all
So, fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I killed a man
Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I killed a man
Fuck 'em all.
They say I shot him dead
With a piece of fucking lead
Through his sikly fucking head
Well, fuck 'em all.

They say I'm gonna swing
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna swing
Fuck 'em all.
They say I'm gonna swing
From a piece of fucking string
What a silly fucking thing
So, fuck 'em all.

The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.
The parson he will come
Fuck 'em all.

The parson he will come
With his tales of kingdom come
He can shove 'em up his bung
So, fuck 'em all.

The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
Fuck 'em all.
The hangman wears a mask
For his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass
So, fuck 'em all.

The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
Fuck 'em all.
The sheriff will be there too
With his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do
So, fuck 'em all.

(softly and with feeling)

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud -- (shout)--FUCK 'EM ALL!!!

SAVE ANOTHER PILOTS ASS

Oh I lined up with the runway and headed for a ditch
I looked down at my prop; my God its in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air
Glory, glory hallelujah! How did I get there?

CHORUS: Oh, hallelujah, Oh, hallelujah!
Throw a nickel on the grass, save
another pilots ass

oh hallelujah. Oh hallelujah.
Throw a nickel on the durm and you'll be saved

Oh I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all
right,
And when I made my last turn, my God I racked it
tight
And then the ship did shudder, the engine coughed
and wheezed.
May Day, May Day Colnel Walford, spin instructions
please

CHORUS:

I started in to buzz; I thought that I was clear
I came in over Chaumo, I knew the end was near,
I met the flying board and they gave me the woiks
Glory, Glory hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks.

CHORUS:

And now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came the glorious Air Force to save me from
the worst

Everybody bust a gut and sing another verse.

CHORUS:

THE BRIDGE

SEVENTH FRAGGED US WAY UP NORTH
ON A BRIDGE THAT WASN'T WORTH A
HANGING OUT YOUR ASS TO BE SHOT AT
BUT THEY SAID YOU'VE GOT TO GO
PUT THE WORD ON UNCLE HO
SO YOU'VE NO CHOICE MEN THIS IS COMBAT

SO THE BOYS IN TOC
POOPED US UP ON WHAT WEED SEE
AND INTELLIGENCE SAID WATCH FOR SAMS
MIGS ARE UP AND TRIPLE A

WILL BE THICK AS FLIES TODAY
GIVE THEM HELL THE WAR IS IN YOUR HANDS

WELL WE HIT THE TANKER TWICE
THEN MY BLOOD WENT COLD AS ICE
WHEN WE DROPPED OF AND CROSSED THE RED
BARRACUDA UNDERSTOOD
HE CALLED OUT "THAT LAUNCH IS GOOD"
TAKE IT DOWN RIGHT NOW OR YOU'LL BE DEAD

WELL IT ALMOST MAKES ME CRY
DOWN BELOW I SEE BULLSEYE
THROUGH THE CLOUDS OF FLACK BETWEEN THE SAMS
THERE'S THE BRIDGE I CAME TO BOMB
LORD I'M SCARED I WANT MY MOM
THEN MY GIB SAID "PICKLE, PULL, BOTH HANDS"

THIS IS ALMOST JUST LIKE HEAVEN
TWENTY MILES FROM ININETY-SEVEN
WE'RE HOME FREE OF THAT THERE IS NO DOUBT
THEN A MIG MADE ONE MORE PASS
HOSED A MISSLE AT MY ASS
AND THE BIRD PITCHED UP AND WE PUNCHED OUT

I CAN SEE THE PHANTOMS GO
ROUND AND ROUND FROM HERE BELOW
THEY WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT MY GIB AND ME
AND THAT MIG TWENTY-ONE
JUST GOT PLASTERED WITH A GUN
AND THE PILOTS FRIGHTENED EYES I SEE

OH HE LANDED IN A TREE
ONLY FORTY FEET FROM ME
THEN I WHIPPED OUT MY .38
I SAID, "TELL ME HOW IT FEELS"
WHEN YOUR MIG TURNS TWO CARTWHEELS
COME ON DOWN WITH US AND HERE WE'LL WAIT

"HELLO CHEVY LEAD UP THERE
THIS CHEVY TWO DOWN HERE
WITH MY GIB AND THE GUY YOU JUST SHOT DOWN
"CHEVY TWO SAY WHAT YOU MEAN
? I'VE JUST CALLED THE JOLLY GREEN"
JUST STAY PUT AND SOON WE'LL HAVE YOU FOUND

FIRST I SAW THE SANDYS CONE
MAKING CIRCLES IN THE SUN
THEN THE JOLLY GREENS WERE OVER HEAD
THE MIG JOCK WENT UP FIRST
I MADE HIM BELIEVE THE WORST
"NO TRICKS OR I'LL FILL YOU WITH LEAD"

WELL WE BROUGHT THAT SON OF A GUN
ALL THE WAY TO FIFTY-ONE
TWO TOOK OFF IT'S TRUE, BUT THREE CAME BACK
HE WON'T FLY THE PHANTOM TWO
BUT HERE'S WHAT WER'RE GONNA DO
MAKE HIM HOUSE BOY FOR THE WHOLE WOLFPACK

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

I WAS ON THE GOOD SHIP VENUS, MY GOD YOU SHOULD
HAVE SEEN US:
THE FIGURE HEAD WAS A MIAD INSED, AND THE MAST
A RAMPANY PENIS.

CHORUS: FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'
FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'
FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN'
THERE WAS FUCK ALL ELSE TO DO!'

THE SKIPPER'S WIFE WAS MABEL, WHEVER SHE WAS
ABLE,
SHE AND THE MATE WOULD COPULATE UPON THE CHART ROOM
TABLE.

THE CREW THEY WERE HARD CASES, YOU COULD SEE IT
IN THEIR FACES,
THEY TOOK TO FRIGGIN' IN THE RIGGIN' FOR WANT
OF BETTER PLACES.

THE CABIN BOY'S A HIPPER, HIS NAME WAS JACK THE
RIPPER,
HE LINED HIS ASS WITH BROKEN GLASS AND CICUMCISED
THE SKIPPER.

WE SAILED TO THE FAR CANARIES AND BUGGERED ALL
THE FAIRIES,
CAUGHT THE SYPH IN TANARIFF AND THE CLAPP IN
BUENOS AIRES.

SO DRUNK WITH EXALTATION, WE REACHED OUR CHINA
STATION,
AND SUNK A JUNK IN A SEA OF SPUNK CAUSED BY
MUTUAL MASTURBATION.

THERE'S ONE LAD WHOSE NO VIRGIN: HE SELDOM DID
NEED URGIN'
SO "HAVE NO FEAR. FOR VAN IS HERE" WITH A MORE
REPULSIVE VERSION.

THE MAN WITH NO BALLS AT ALL

Gather you rounders and listen to me,
I'll tell you a story that'll fill you with glee.
It's about a fair maiden so fair and so tall
Who married a man who had no balls at all.

CHORUS: No balls at all, no balls at all
She married a man who had no balls at all.

On their wedding night when she jumped into bed
Her cheeks they were rosy, her lips, they were red.
She reached for his penis, his penis was small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at
all. ---CHORUS

"Mother, dear mother, I wished I were dead
I'll go to my grave with my own maiden head.
My future is slender my hopes they are small
For I've married a man who has no balls at
all." ---CHORUS

"Daughter, dear daughter, now don't you be sad.
I had the same trouble when I married your dad.
But many's the flyer who'll answer the call

of the wife of the man who has no balls at
all." ---CHORUS

Now this young maid took her mother's advise
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice.
But a bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of the man who has no balls at
all. ---CHORUS

Now this babe was examined that very night
By a doctor who swore he examined it right
But the thing that was found most peculiar of all
Was the babe had a penis but no balls at
all. ---CHORUS

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISMAS

SEA MIXED COMPANY VERSION

ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS THE GOMERS GOT FROM ME:
(AND) TRACERS THROUGH A MIG CANOPY

2. TWO WING TANKS
3. THREE AIM-9'S
4. FOUR AIM-7'S
5. FIVE CANS OF NAPE
6. SIX CBU'S
7. SEVEN STANDARD ARMS
8. EIGHT LASER BOMBS
9. NINE KBA
10. TEN TRAINS A'BURNING
11. ELEVEN BRIDGES EALLING
12. TWELVE CELLS OF BUFFS

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS**SEA STAG VERSION****ON THE FIRST DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME:****A HAND JOB IN A PEAR TREE****TWO BRASS BALLS****THREE FRENCH TICKLERS****FOUR COCKSUCHERS****FIVE MOTHER FUCKERS****SIX SACKS OF SHIT****SEVEN SCROTUMS SWINGING****EIGHT ASSHOLES ACHING****NINE NIPPLES NIBBLING****TEN TITTIES TINGLING****ELEVEN LESBIANS LICKING****TWELVE TWATS A'TWITCHING**